

14
Rebellion Arraign'd,

A 24
SERMON

Preach'd before Their
MAJESTIES

In Their Chappel at
WHITEHALL,
Upon the 30th. of *January* 1687.

The *Anniversary* and *Humiliation-Day*,

In Abhorrency of the

Sacrilegious Murder

Of our Gracious Sovereign

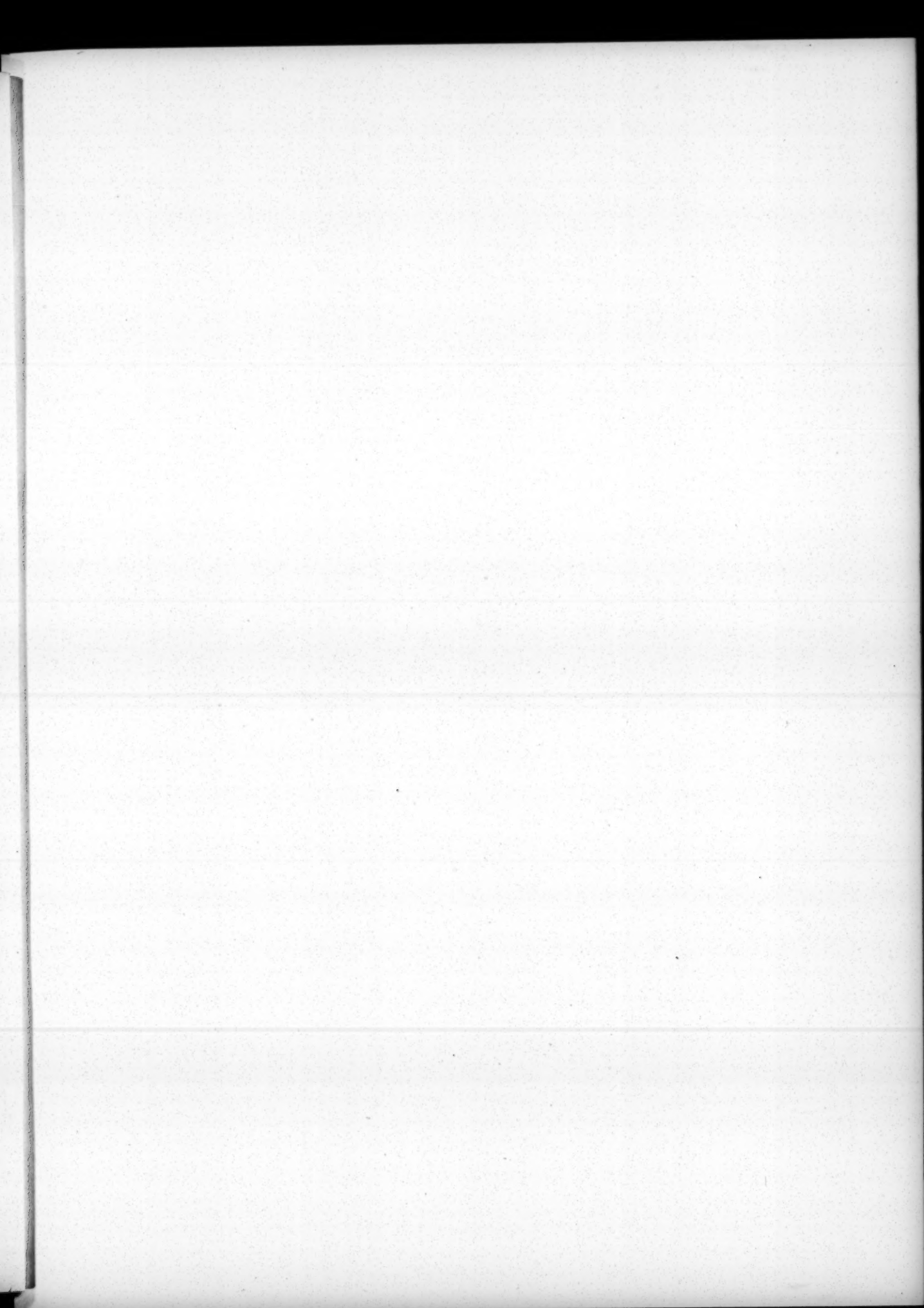
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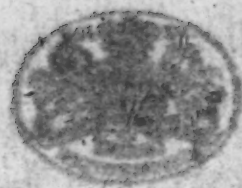
By the Reverend Father JOHN DORMOR,
of the Society of *Jesus*.

Permissu Superiorum.

London, Printed by Mary Thompson at the Entrance into
Old-Spring-Garden near Charing-Cross, 1688,

III. f. 21.





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TO THE
READER.

READER,

S Ince the Printing of the Pharisee's Council; my Promise has been Challeng'd, and I call'd upon, for two more Sermons almost out of mind. The First, My Humiliation Sermon, Preach'd the 30th. of January 87. nam'd, Rebellion Arraign'd. The other Entituled, The Law of Laws, and Preach'd the 19th. of September 86. If I told thee in my last; The rest of my Sermons were at thy call: Now I tell thee, call for no more. It is my design to ease thee
of

To the READER.

*of that Trouble, by publishing them
all together, as soon as Leisure will
give me leave. In the mean time,
Remember what thou'lt often find in
them; a short Life is giving way
to a long Eternity. Farewell,*

J. D.

A
SERMON

Preach'd before Their

MAJESTIES

On the 30th. of *January* 1687.

1 Pet. cap. 5. ver. 6.

*Humiliamini sub potenti manu Dei, ut vos
exaltet in tempore Visitationis.*

*Be ye humbled under the Powerful Hand of God,
that he may exalt you in time of Visitation.*

IF ever Nation, to its Advantage and
Renown, comply'd with the words of
my Text, *Dread Sovereign*, it is your
Loyal *England*. *England* by humbling
her self this day in the presence of God
and yours, appears more Glorious, than ever it
did,

did, by humbling with force of Arms, her most redoubted Enemies. *Victory* in *VVar*, is often a gift of *Fortune*, at the best the fruit of *Valorous Conduct*; dear bought, not soon got, and soon forfeited. Englands *Humiliation*, is a standing *Victory* of *Peace*, it is a quelling of *Rebellion*, it is a *Vindication* of her Kings *Right* and her own *Honour*; *Chance* has no part in it, *Loyalty* produc'd it: The *Wisdom* of both Houses of Parliament concurr'd unto it: It is not fed with *Blood* and *Booty*, but *Fasting* and *Tears*; with *Devotion* it is maintain'd, and a forever settled *Obedience* renders it *Eternal*. Thus *England* has *Humbled* her worst of *Foes*, by humbling her self, and by so humbling her self, in this time of *Visitation* of *Gods* *Mercy* upon us, is exalted as high, as ever *Rebellion* had cast her low. *Humiliamini, &c.* Be ye humbled under the *Powerful Hand* of *God*, that he may exalt you in the time of *Visitation*.

The unnatural Enemies of their Country joy'd in her *Confusion*, in her *Disgrace* they *Gloried*, they *Triumph'd* in her *Losses*. *England* was gaz'd at by *Foreigners* as a *Monster*, to be kept up, and cut off, from the *Commerce* with the rest of the *VWorld*. A *King* *Arraign'd*? said they, and with *horror*; by who but *England*? A

*A King call'd to the Bar, by who but Eng-
 land? A King, process'd and Condemn'd, by
 who but England? A King brought upon the
 Scaffold, before his own Palace and People, and
 Barbarously put to Death; VVhen? VVhere?
 tell the place, name the Time, mention the
 Record, by whoever but England? Such were
 the insulting Reproaches whole England was
 expos'd to, for the guilt of a Crew of Misere-
 ants degenerated from the Fear of God, and
 antient Allegiance pay'd by Dutyful England
 to her Kings. But Silence, O you! Who thus
 impeach the whole, for the Crime of a few,
*A party of wretched men, desperately Wicked and
 hardened in Impiety.* They are the words of the
Act in reference to this day. *The King was
 Arraign'd, The King was call'd to the Bar; but
 England Sigh'd, England Wept. The King,
 against all form of Law, was Process'd and
 Condemn'd, but England Agoniz'd, between
 Grief and Horror. The King was Cruelly
 Murdered, but England Vow'd a just Revenge,
 and since has taken it of the Regicides. Re-
 bellion in that time over-rul'd the Stage, Rebel-
 lion acted the Tragedy it had contriv'd; poor
 England disarm'd, with sorrowful Eyes was
 forc'd to look on. No House of Peers then
 sat,**

sat, no free House of Commons ; a Kennel of
Blood-hounds, a rude Expression, (did they not
 merit worse) were the *Assassins*, of our most
 Indulgent *Monarch* ; they were led on by the
 Scent of an aspiring Passion, mask'd with Zeal
 for Religion, so to delude some : At Tyranny
 they ran with a fair show of *Liberty*, so to en-
 tice in others. *Liberty* indeed, to debase their
 Equals, to pull down their Betters, to enslave
 their Countrey. *England* groan'd under the
 heavy Scourge, and is no sooner recover'd,
 by the Happy and long Sigh'd for Restoration
 of her Natural Prince and Government, but
 makes it her first care, to vindicate her self to
 Posterity. Sitting therefore in *Parliament* she de-
 clares to the World, her *Inexpressible Detestation*,
 and *Abhorrency* , of that Villanous and abo-
 minable Fact, and for a lasting Monument of
 this her Sense, she beseeches the Royal Power
 to establish this day of *Humiliation*, to which
Piety and *Loyalty* obliges us to concur. *Hu-
 miliamini, &c.* Be ye humbled under the Powerful
Hand of God, that he may exalt you in time of *Visita-
 tion*. In order to promote so Religious an Act, my
 first point shall be to remind you of the subject
 of *Humiliation*, which is *Rebellion* ; and since
Rebellion so unhumanely Arraign'd our Gracious
 King,

King. My second point shall be to Arraign
Rebellion. My third, to see Execution done
upon her, and that by the hand of *Humiliation*.
But let us first implore his Divine Assistance
him, who made himself a Patern of *Humilia-*
tion for our Sins, by the Intercession of His
Virgin Mother, *Ave Maria*,

Humiliamini, &c. Be ye humbled under the
Powerful Hand of God, that he may exalt you
in the time of Visitation.

THe proper subject of *Humiliation* is sin ;
the greater the sin, the greater ought
the *Humiliation* to be. To private Offences,
which prejudice the Offender alone, private
Humiliation is due, a publick *Humiliation* be-
comes sins, which influence upon the publick ;
and no sins wound the publick so dangerously,
as those, which are destructive to *Loyalty, Obe-*
dience, and Government ; Kings bare the burden
and dignity of the Publick, no sin therefore
requires a more signal *Humiliation* and *Repen-*
tance, than *Disloyalty, Rebellion*, and the *Con-*
tempt of the Right of Kings, and their Majesty ;
nor was there ever a *Disloyalty, Rebellion* or
Contempt equaling that committed, against the

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Sacred Person of Charles the First. *Humiliation* then, on this *Anniversary Day*, should exceed all others. If I mistake not, my Discourse holds good, relying upon the just proportion to be kept between *Humiliation* and Sin. I could exemplify each part out of *holy Writ*, were I not press'd between scarcity of Time and Copiousness of matter : It is enough that I insist only upon *Rebellion*.

But is not that *Rebellion* to be blotted out of Memory, and buried in Oblivion ? *Old Soares* are not to be ript up. True, if perfectly Heal'd ; and if perfectly Healed, yet their trouble and danger, may be expos'd for future Safety and prevention of the like. This is the method observ'd by *Preachers* in order to other Sins ; and I have no cause to desert it in order to *Rebellion* of sins the greatest.

Forgive and forget, is a maxime of Christian Charity, in so much, as I find Acts of Pardon and Indempnity, stiled Acts of *Oblivion* ; and yet I reflect that as pardoning is a property of Goodness, and Magnanimity ; so to forget, argues a carelessness, or weakness of mind. *God forgives, but cannot forget* ; and *England* on this day, will not have forgotten, what your Royal Brother, and your *Sacred Majesty* have so Generously
for.

forgiven. You have forgiven but, *England* will not forgive her self, and with the noblest of Dispositions, doth *Penance* for a Crime which was not hers. So Christ an Innocent, humbled himself for the sins of his People, even to Death. Him we are to imitate; by so doing, *England* endeavours, to make her Loyalty, vye with your Clemency; and by not forgiving her self, for having been the Mother of a few Vipers, cannot but confirm and encrease, that tender Love, shown in all Time, even with the evident and many hazards of your Sacred Persons, in Defence of her Rights and Honour.

True it is; there is a forgetfulness, ever joyn'd with forgiving; for albeit one remember a Displeasure, yet in case he pardons it, he forgets the main resentment due unto it. God cannot but remember sin, yet forgiving it, forgets as it were to inflict the Punishment of Hell due unto it. This is what the Royal Prophet *Psal. 78.* and the Prophet *I/a. c. 64.* both v. 8. crave at the hands of God, *Ne memineras Iniquitatum nostrarum, Remember not our Iniquities,* and in conformity with this it is, that we are ordered to implore the Mercy of God, That neither the guilt of that Sacred Innocent Blood, nor those other sins, by which God was provok'd, to deliver

us and our King into the hands of Cruel and Unreasonable Men, may at any time, be visited upon us and our Posterity. Thus the Act of Parliament expresses it self, where we are at once reminded, of the worst effect of Rebellion, and to Pray God to forget the resenting it. Having laid the subject of *Humiliation* before your Eyes, I come in my second point to Arraign Rebellion.

Rebellion, The Daughter of audacious Pride; *Rebellion*, Mother of the basest Treacheries; *Rebellion* nurse of private Discontents; *Rebellion* sower of Jealousies and Fears; *Rebellion* the disturber of peaceable Minds; *Rebellion* the destroyer of true Liberty and Religion; *Rebellion* the bane of humane Commerce; *Rebellion* the destroyer of Wealth, Happiness, Birth-right and Life it self; *Rebellion*, the open enemy to Order, Government, and God; *Rebellion* blazing in Fire and wallowing in Blood. This is the *Monster of Monsters*, disguis'd in all shapes to compass her ends; her Name I tell you is *Rebellion*, and from her Name I begin her Arraignment.

Rebellion, Thou art convicted of being a restless Spirit. Nothing in heaven; no State, no place, no Condition, can possibly content thee. *Happiness* swells thee, *Misery* enrages thee,

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thee, Piety cannot mollify thee, thou art ever
 for Reform of Religion and Government;
 whereas *True Religion* alone, can reform thee.
Heaven could not keep thee in peace, all the
 delicious Fruits of the Garden of *Eden*, could not
 satisfy thy disordered Palate; the *Church* has
 felt the smart of thy Divisions; thou hast over-
 run the *Earth* with Calamities; in Hell alone if
 thou art quiet, it is because tam'd by punish-
 ment. *Restless* thou art; the *World* thy old Ac-
 quaintance, comes in Evidence of it, by impo-
 sing the Name of *Rebellion* upon thee: from *Re-*
and Bello. I War again. *Rebellion's* stomach turns
 at the sweets of quiet: *Unfeign'd Hydra*, in
 the Fens and Bogs of Discontents she breeds, Is
 one head cut off? Without fable another shoots
 up. Is she beaten to the ground? She renews
 her Forces. She's ever beginning, ever Warring.
 Has she no Sword to manage? She Wars with
 her Tongue, she Wars with her Pen. If daring
 neither; she Wars with her Thoughts, she lays
 her Designs, she expects her Time, she's ever
Rebellion warring again, a restless Spirit by *Deeds*
 answering her Name. And from her Name,
 I pass to her *Deeds*.

Rebellion, Thou art brought in *Guilty* of being
 wilfully void of *Reason*. A Rebel, in the first place,
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wages war against himself, by opposing the Law of Nature, which is his own Reason. Reason promotes a friendly Intercourse between Men, to their reciprocal Help and Comfort; Rebellion obstructs it. In order to this amicable Society, Reason prescribes a Supreme Power to end strifes, when arising; to provide against Invaders of the common safety. Rebellion will be Arbitrary, will stand to no Authority, will her self invade. Reason teaches us to Sacrifice a Private Interest, Disgust or Wrong, to the Publick Tranquility. Rebellion will have the Publick Welfare to truckle to Private Passion. Reason's Decision is, that a patient Sufferance, is preferable to a successful Rebellion; Rebellion feignes causes of Sufferance, where there's none. In all her Proceedings unreasonable. But more,

Rebellion, The foulest Ingratitude is Charged upon thee. Nothing works so forcibly upon the generous Heart of Man, as to see himself lov'd: But Rebellion of a Man, thou leav'st no more than a Figure. Love by thee is slighted. Thou devidest Friends, thou Arm'st Patriot against Patriot, thou stirrest up Relation against Relation, Brother against Brother, Son against Father; the Love of thy Prince is requited with Hatred and Disdain. No tye, which thou

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thou dost not unloose; no knot, which thou dost not untye or cut, *Country, King, God*, cannot win thee with Kindness. I'll only give a glance at some particulars, too well known to dwell long on them.

Heaven is the seat of Felicity, the center of Bliss: *Lucifer* vouchsafe to be at rest; submit, and it is thine: No where canst thou be more at ease. *Rebellion has stopt his Ears, and he's unquiet.* Reason tell thee, it's a madness to Rise against thy Maker. *Where Rebellion has got in, Reason's not heard.* God has conferr'd the Noblest of Beings upon thee, what more endearing? But *endearments loose their Vertue with Rebellion.*

Adam let this Example be a warning to Thee and Terror. I come too late. Neither the fortunate state of *Paradise*, nor his own Reason excelling all other, nor the Demonstrations of Gods singular favour, could allay the Spirit of *Rebellion*, that had enter'd his Heart, when that *Eritis sicut Dii, You shall be like Gods*, had enter'd his Ears. What shall I say to the contumacious Children of *Israel*? What to the unnatural *Abfalom*? No Content, no Reason, no Kindness, could abate their Seditious Fury, and to advance to the subject I now am on.

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England was an Earthly *Heaven*, a worldly *Paradise* : The *Liberty* of the Subject, with a grateful acknowledgement, Reverenced the *Royal Prerogative*. *Law* ran in its natural Channel, each one sat under his own Vine, fed of his own Grape, ever ready to lay down Life and Fortune, for his Princes Honour and Safety ; when *Rebellion* stomaching at so much Prosperity, revolts against *Religion*, resolute never to end, but by making an end of Government.

Was there ever *Sovereign* who tender'd his Subjects *Liberty*, who abhor'd the effusion of Blood, *Sacred Majesty*, it was your *Royal Parent*. What Clemency did he not use, in putting up injuries ? What Advantages did he not forfeit, by ketching at every overture of *Peace*, to avoid the Miseries ensuing upon his Kingdom ? *Peace* was his Darling : But *Rebellion* was restless. *Englands* Happiness, was ever in his Eye, the object of his Wishes. But *Rebellion* hated its Felicity and Repose. The Comeliness of his *Person*, the Exquisitness of his *Wit*, the Sweetness of his *Temper*, the Undauntedness of his *Mind* ; shew'd in the midst of the greatest Calamities, would have gain'd the Affection of any, but *Unreasonable and Ungrateful Rebels* : His only Failure was, (if I may be so bold,) That he was more

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covetous of his Subjects *Safety* than his *Own*; more concern'd for *Them*, than resenting their *Disloyalty*, his *Condescensions* he acknowledges in his *ΕΙΚΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ*, or *Royal Portrait* pass'd too far; all to gain his *Enemies*; and what in *Reason* could be of greater force, to subdue Hearts of *Men*, than such *Paternal Proceedings*? But all in vain; the hardship of his *Fate* was, he had to deal with worse than *Brutes*; he had to deal with *Rebels*. No gaining *Rebellion* by *Love* or *Reason*. *Love* is deem'd *Weakness*, *Reason* is against the *Liberty* of the *Spirit*. *Rebellion* is a pure, pure, *Spirit*, but in nothing more, than that pure *Spirits*, as *Divines* teach us, in the fall of the *Angels* are *Incorrigible*, and so for the most part are *Rebels*. *Reason* works not upon them, *Favours* will not oblige them; their *Spirit* is fix'd upon iniquitude, their *Cause* is ever for pretended *Religion* and *Property*, which puts me in mind of carrying on my *Process*.

Again, I find *Rebellion* notoriously *Convicted* of having invaded *Property*, under pretext of maintaining it. True regard to *Property* would respect the greatest of *Properties*: The *Property Kings* have, not only to their *Revenues*, but much more to be *Obeys'd*, in what concerns their *Government*. Had the least sparkle of

this regard, had place in the Rebels thoughts; they'd never run to such Extremities. His *Sacred Majesty* had never intrench'd upon the *Property* of any. Whatever he acted, was with the Advice of the *Judges* of the *Nation*; and well it might be, and it ought to be presum'd, they knew what was due to *Law*, *Property*, and *Prerogative*.

But grant he had taken a step too far, was the Subject to rage with *Rebellion*, to Depopulate the *Nation* with Sword and Flames; and in room of Kings and Countrys *Property*, bring in *Tyranny*? These were the lamentable effects of *Rebellion* convicted, of having invaded *Property*, under Profession of upholding it. *To maintain Property*; Houses were Pillag'd: *To maintain Property*; Villages were Fir'd: *To maintain Property*; Townes were Beleagur'd, and Batter'd, *To maintain Property*; so many Battles were Fought, so many thousands, and thousands of Lives cut off: *To maintain Property*; Estates of the Loyal were Confiscated, the Rights of both Houses abolish'd, the People burden'd with Impositions. *Rebellion* will tell you, (and who'll believe her but *Rebels*) all was to maintain *Property*, but the pretence of *Property* went not alone; it joyn'd hand and hand with appearance

rance of *Religion* and *Rebellion*, appears horribly tainted with the most execrable Hypocrisy.

Religion was in the Case. Was it so? O Holy Rebellion! So highly concern'd for *Religion*: That thou art ever new modelling it. The Reason may be; that thy Principles, and those of True Religion, cannot subsist; and since thou art resolute, not to shape thy Principles to *Religion*, thou'lt cut out a *Religion* to thy Principles. *Religion* is Peaceable, thou Seditious. *Religion* teaches Submission to *God*, and his *Vicars*; but that Lesson is not for thee: *Perpetual Change* is thy business. *Innovation* is thy inseparable Camerader; and one *Innovation* is ever a precedent for an other; and in all thou art the *Leader*. Thy Spirit is a singular one, it cannot away with what is common; as if Religion by being the common, could become the Prostitute of *Babylon*: The Truth is, *Church Orders*, are of too great a Subjection; thy Spirit will be at *Freedom*, the Lord alone must govern it. That is, the Lord in the Mouth, and *Belzebub* in the Heart. *Religion* upon the Lips, and *Alteration* of Government in Design. Thy *Religion* was, to change Churches into Stables, Bells into Canons, Leads into Bullets: It was *Hypocrisy*, not *Religion*. And O! that

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here I might stop, and stay thy fury, which draws me on to the last Act, Horror chilling my Blood at the very Thought of what I am to say.

Rebellion appearing convicted of being a *restless Spirit*; of violating the Law of Nature, *Reason*; of the basest *Ingratitude*, in abusing her Princes *Love*; of having invaded *Property*; of most prophane *Hypocrisy*: That nothing should be wanting to the greatest excess of Iniquity, she passes the utmost bounds, of *Exorbitancy* and *Cruelty*. In all she has done, she pretends to *Justice* and *Revenge*, and that by *Law*, and that against her *Sovereign*.

• The Design of *Rebellion*, ever lurks in the breast of a few; by her specious Cheats, many are engag'd; she is an *Artist* in contriving. *Property*, *Religion*, *Law*, she makes her different Scenes, and turns them at her Pleasure, to humour the Parts she's resolv'd to perform. Having the *Sword* in her Hands, she pulls off her Mask, and discovers her Villanous Intentions; she erects a Court of *High Justice*, and behold the *Catastrophe*, The last Act of the dismal Tragedy; She *Arraigns* her King. Ah *Rebellion*! *Rebellion*! Thy earnest Demonstrations of zeal for *Property* and *Religion*, are they
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come to this? Thy pretentions, ever are *Jezabels*, Fair in Show, in substance Cruel. *A High Court of Justice?* A High Court of *Enormity* and *Treason*. Do'st thou know who thou Arraignest? *He is thy King*. Do'st thou know, whose *Condemnation* and *Murder* thou hast resolv'd? *It is thy King's*. Consult the *Fundamental Laws*. Consult? What need of Consult, where the *Abomination* so clearly discovers it self? *High Court of Justice?* If this be *Justice*; what is *Treason*? And if this be *Treason*, and of *Treasons* the most *Horrid*; down with the *Name* of *High Court of Justice*? No Court can be held, but by *Power* from the *King*, and no *King* can lend that *Power* against himself. But since thy vain *Plea* is *Law*, and thou wilt not know what a *King* is. It is my *Duty* to make thee know, both what is *Law*? And what's a *King*?

It is not the *Sword*, it is not the *Mace*, it is not the *Grave Attire*, it is not the *Bar*, it is not the *Chair*, it is not the rest of *Formalities*, which constitute *Law*; they'r only to sustain its *Dignity*. *Rebellion* may usurp them, to colour *Injustice*; but can have no *Law* to justify her *Proceedings*. *Law* is an *obliging rule* of *humane Actions*, ever order'd to the *common good*. To be *Obliging*

liging its Authority must be deriv'd from above, from God ; and this Authority God has plac'd in his Vicars Supreme Governours. To be a Rule it must not deflect, from the first Rule of the Divine Will and Command, it must stand with Reason and Justice ; the Peace and Good of the Publick must be its end : And to be for the common good, Law cannot be a weapon of *private* Passion. No Law then can uphold this Court of thine, O Rebellion ! Thy ends are *Private*. Thou reced'st from the first Rule, by usurping Gods Prerogative, who alone is the *King* and *Judge* of *Kings* : It is against Reason to claim Power over a Supreme, it is Unjust to Arraign thy Judge. Law then opposes thy Pretentions to Law, and the Dignity of a *King* wholly defeats them.

Will'st thou once learn what a King is ? Give Ear. God is the *King* of *Kings*, 1 Tim. 6. 15. And Kings are as it were the Gods of their People : Kings cannot be Gods Judge, nor can the People be their Kings. Who is the Supreme ? Who the Judge without Appeal, but the *King* ? To whom do inferior Judges own their Authority, but to the *King* ? From who do Courts receive their Power, but from the *King* ? In whose Name are Impeachments drawn up, but

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in the Kings? Acts of Parliament; by who
 re they Enacted, but by the King! And by
 onsequence, the final Legislative Power, in who
 oth it reside, but in the King. By the undoubted
 undamental Laws of this Kingdom, neither the
 Peers of this Realm, nor the Commons, nor both
 ogether in Parliament; nor the People Collectively
 representatively, nor any other Persons whatsoever,
 ver had, have, or ought to have any Co-ercive
 Power over the Persons of the Kings of this Realm.
 is the Parliament which speaks; and yet Re-
 bellion against The undoubted and Fundamental
 Laws, dar'd Erect a High-Court of Justice against
 er Sovereign, and what dares not Rebellion do?
 he is too well vers'd in Holy Writ, not to know,
 hat to resist Kings, is to resist God; What shall Rom. 13.
 be to Process, to Condemn, to murder one?
 But by who is he to be Try'd? Com-
 mons are Try'd by Commons, Peers by Peers;
 ave you a Jury of Kings? And had you,
 ere's no Judge left to give the Sentence but
 od; And Woe to Rebellion, when God's to
 entence. More yet; in case you Condemn
 m according to your execrable Formality of
 retended Law, may he not grant himself a
 eprive? He can bestow it upon the meanest,
 d most guilty Subject, shall he not be able
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to confer it upon himself; he can give it another, even when the Sentence is most Just; and shall he not enjoy his own Prerogative against the most unjust of Sentences?

Ab! To what end do I tyre my self and you? Our Renowned Prince, plac'd by God above *Law*, without *Law*, and against *Law*, must fall a Victim to the highest Injustice. *Rebellion* has got the Sword, and the Sword without the Ballance is the Type of *Cruelty*; to *Cruelty* Majesty is forc'd to bend; and Sacrilegious *Rebellion* never appear'd with so ghast a Countenance, as imbru'd in his Royal *Blood*. That *Blood* will ever set her out to the detestation and horror of the World. That *Blood* will blaze her to all Ages for what she is. That *Blood* will speak aloud and say: Fly *Rebellion*, she'll never spare Subject, that durst Proceſs, Condemn, and by Name of *High Justice*, Murder the Meekest of Monarchs. No more, no more, of what without Affliction and Tears, I cannot call to mind. His last Thoughts were his Peoples *Welfare*, his Kingdoms *Peace*, his Nations *Happiness*; he died, undaunted, like himself, like a King, forgiving what the World will never forget, so *Sacrilegious a Murder*. That Pardon, that Innocent Blood, crys yet for

for Revenge against *Rebellion*, and upon *Rebellion* let it fall ; let *Rebellion* die never more to rise ; let it die by the hand of *Humiliation* ; The subject of my third point, with which I conclude, *Humiliamini, &c.* Be ye humbled under the powerful Hand of God, that he may exalt you in time of *Visitation*.

In my preceding Discourse, you have seen at Leisure *Rebellion* Arraign'd, Process'd and Convicted, of the most detestable of Crimes, and by consequence *Guilty* of the worst of Punishments ; And as her Sins surmounts all others, so would I have her Chastisement proportionable. The subject is of a large extent ; but not to transgress, I will close it in little. Men that die for Offences will rise again. *Rebellion* I would have her die so, as never to revive. Let *Rebellion* then die, but how, *Sub potenti manu Dei, Under the Powerful Hand of God, by an humble Obedience.* For what end ? *That God may exalt us in time of Visitation.*

God has his different *Visitations*, as you'll find in *Holy Writ* ; *Visitations of Anger, Visitations of Love, Visitations of Mercy, Visitations of Revenge, Visitations of Humbling, Visitations of Exalting* : His Visits of *Humbling, Anger and Revenge* lay grievous upon

us by the Scourge of *Rebellion*; a Road grown on our own Soil. This seems a time of a Visitation of his Love, Mercy, and Exaltation upon us. But *Humiliamini; Humiliamini, Be ye humbled.* We may humble our selves, and we may be humbled by another; to be humbled by another, is commonly a Chastisement, to humble our selves, is now and then a satisfaction, in order to *Rebellion* it is a Prevention; so that our humbling our selves, is at once a satisfaction, for *Rebellion* that's pass'd, and prevention of *Rebellion* that might come; and behold, the desir'd Execution done by *Obedience* upon *Rebellion*; greater revenge cannot be taken. Satisfaction destroys it, and puts it, as I may say to Death, Prevention hinders it from reviving, so that Humiliation Triumphs in the utter ruine of *Rebellion*.

And had I not Reason in the beginning of my Discourse to term it *England's standing Peace*, more glorious than any victory in War? So it is. If *Obedience* stands, *Rebellion* must fall. And by this Humiliation Day, our *Obedience* being perpetuated, *Rebellion* must down for ever, Be ye then humbled under the Powerful hand of God. The Powerful hand of God, I interpret to be *Kings*, in their Scepter they sway Gods Power,

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Power, in their Sword his Justice ; and so by Obedience to our Prince, we are *Humbled under the Powerful hand of God*, to the total extirpation of *Rebellion*. The best of satisfactions we can give to the Royal Father, is to annihilate *Rebellion* by a true Allegiance to his great Son ; *Fasting's* good, *Prayer* yet more excellent, by them the Rebellion of the flesh is tam'd the Rebellion of the Spirit by sole *Obedience*.

The ever hard neck'd Children of *Israel*. They Fasted, *Isaiah* 58. v. 3. *Wherefore have we Fasted, and thou seest not ? wherefore have we afflicted our Soul, and thou takest not knowledge ?* Rebellion can Fast, and none invoke the Lord with longer breath than Rebels : But their Fast and Prayers are not acceptable to the most High, They'r Disobedient, their Humiliation is Hypocrisy, it enters not the heart ; Hear what the Lord Answers to the complaint of those pretenders to *Prayers* and *Fasts*, *Behold in the day of your Fasting your own Will is found*. A Rebel will ever have his own will, and refusing to submit his Will to God, gives out Gods Will to be his ; and so makes God as it were a Subject, and himself a God. From Obedience then our Humiliation is to derive its whole Worth and

Valour, and that it may be eternal, to the eternal destruction of Rebellion, O that *England* would learn to know the voice of the *Serpent* ! Would learn no more to be deluded by those canting Charms of *Liberty*, *Property*, and *Religion*. Remember that even *Satan* the Prince of Darkness, 2 *Cor.* c. II. v. 14. read the place, it is much to our purpose, transfigures himself into an *Angel of Light*. And so doth his first Child *Rebellion*. No pretence whatsoever can Justify *Rebellion*. You have a Prince, whose Wisdom and Experience makes him know your true Good and Happiness, I may confidently say, better than you know it your selves. Trust him, who God has Intrusted with you. With the free use of your *Religion*, your Bodies and Minds he has both eas'd: He has vindicated your *Properties* Invaded by false *Zealots*, but real Persecution. His indefatigable Concern, for the publick Honour and Welfare of his *Kingdom*, you cannot but own; but you must inviolably own your Duty to him. *Rebellion's* to be kept down by his Wisdom, Courage, and Power; but by a generous and ready compliance in you. No *Army* ever gain'd *Victory* without *Obedience*; and no *Kingdom* without *Obedience* shall ever reap *Glory*. *Humiliamini, &c.*

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Be ye then humbled, to be exalted. *Vir Obediens loquetur Victoriā*, Prov. 21. v. 28. *The Obedient Man shall speak Victory.* We are to be Men, Stout Rational, but *Obedient*, to be *Victorious* both of our Earthly and Spiritual Foes. Let *Jealousies* be laid aside, and you'll improve your *Sovereign's Love*: Appease *Animosities*, Chase away Fears, and you'll produce, and nourish a mutual Confidence in each other; to your own *Quiet and Comfort*, to the Terror of your Enemies, and to your *King and Countreyes Renown*. Thus in Spight of *Rebellion*, by *Obedience* to the Son, you'll compleat the Wishes of his Dying Father: You'll make an Atonement for that *Sacrilegious Murder*. *Obedient England* will be more Glorious, than ever she was Disgrac'd in the Ignominy put upon her, by a few Unnatural *Rebels*; and so enjoying the Fruits of a *Peaceable Conscience*, the Sweets of a settled *Tranquility* in this Life, she'll be dispos'd to be Crown'd with *Eternal Reward* in the next: Which God of his Infinite *Goodness* grant us all. In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

F I N I S.